

The True Protestants LITANY.

To the Tune, *When Jockey first the Wars began.*

I.

More Ballads—Here: Spick and Span:—new Supplication,
By Order of a Committee for the Reformation,
To be Read in all Churches and Chappels of this Nation,

Upon pain of slavery and Sequestration:

*From Knaves and Rumpers in a Parliament free,
Liberate nos Domine.*

II.

From those that have more Religion and less Conscience than their
From a Representative that's fearfull and jealous, (fellows,
From a starting Jadish People, that's troubled with the Yellows,
And a Jesuit that Blows the Coal (a Turd in the Bellows)

From Knaves and Rumpers, &c.

III.

From Shepherds that lead there flocks into the Bryers,
And then Fleece them—from Vow breakers and Kings Tryers:
Of Church and Crown Lands—from both Sellers and Buyers:
From the Children of him that's the Father of Lyers:

From Knaves and Rumpers in, &c.

IV.

From the Doctrine and Dicipline of (Now and a Non)
Preserve us and our Wives, from—*sedgwick* and *John*,
Like Master like Man, every way but One,
The Master has a large Conscience—and the Man has none:

From Knaves and Rumpers, &c.

V.

From those that sate in the High Court of Justice,
From Usurpers that stile themselves the Peoples Trustees,
From an Old Rump in which neither profit nor Gust is,
And from the recovery of that which now in the Dust is:

From Knaves and Rumpers in, &c.

VI.

From a backsliding Saint, that pretends t'acquiesce,
From the Popish Proverb (let 'um Hang that confess)
From a sniveling Cause in a pontifical dresse:
From two Lawyers, with the Devil and his Dam in a mess,

From Knaves and Rumpers, &c.

VII.

From those that trouble the Waters, to mend the Fishing,
And Fight the Lards Battel, under the Devil's Commission;
Such as Eat up the Nation, while the Governments a dishing,
And from a People when it should be a doing—stands withing,
From Knaves and Rumpers, &c.

VIII.

From an Everlasting mock-parliament, and from None,
From *Strafford's* Old Friends—*Harry*—*Jack* and *Pim John*,
From the Solicitors Wolf-Law, deliver our King's Son,
And from the Resurrection of the Rump, that's dead and gone.
From Knaves and Rumpers, &c.

IX.

From forein Invasions—and Commotions at home,
From present Petitions, and from worse to come,
From the same hand again—*Smectymnus* or the Bum;
And from taking *Geneva*, in our way to *Rome*;
From Knaves and Rumpers, &c.

X.

From Saints and tender Consciences in Buff,
From *Mild*—in a Foam and *Hew!*—in a Huff:
From bold Petitioners that think they nere have Eouff,
And from a Fools-head that looks through a Chain and a Ruff,
From Knaves and Rumpers, &c.

XI.

Preserve us good Heaven from intrusting those,
That have much to get and little to lose:
That murder'd the Father, and the Son would depose,
Sure they can't be our Friends that are their Countries foes,
From Knaves and Rumpers, &c.

XII.

From *Bradshaw's* presumption and from *Hoyles* despairs;
From rotten Members, blind Guides, preaching Aldermen, and
false Mayors,
From long Knives, long Ears, long Parliaments, and long prayers,
In mercy to the Nation—deliver us and our Heirs:
*From Knaves and Rumpers in a Parliament free,
Liberate nos Domine.*